

The
Aeclester Gramman



School Record

July, 1934.



A.G.S. Old Scholars' Guild Committee.

I. Dowdeswell

D. Sisam

S. Bowen
(Secretary)

H. Hodgkinson

Mr. V. V. Druller
(President)

F. Rook

M. Paice
R. Smith
(Treasurer)

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Alcester Grammar School Record.

No 48.

JULY, 1934.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

L. HARRIS, J. LANE, BAYLIS I., LEDBURY.

School Register.

Valvete.

*Bailey, K. B. II. (VI.), 1928-34. Wheeler, P. E. (Low. V.), 1930-34.
*Baylis, D. C. (Upp. V.), 1928-34. Wyton, A. W. (Low. V.), 1930-34.
Morton, H. B. (Low. V.), 1927-34. Goulbourne, G. (Upp. IV.) 1930-34.

* Prefect.

Salvete.

Boylin, M. M. (iii).	Naylor, C. M. (iii).
Collett, J. N. E. (iii).	Parker, M. A. (Rem.).
Collins, A. D. (Rem.).	Perrott, J. T. (iii).
Collins, G. T. (iii).	Spencer, G. H. (iii).
Lawrence, J. P. G. (i).	Vereker, S. M. M. (i).

Old Scholars' Guild News.

PRESIDENT—Mr. V. V. Druller.

SECRETARY—S. Bowen. TREASURER—R. Smith

The Summer Reunion of the Guild has been arranged for Saturday, July 28th. As last year, a tennis tournament is being organised for the afternoon, and in addition there will be opportunities for playing clock golf and croquet. The evening will be devoted as usual to dancing. Will those who intend to take part in the tennis tournament send in their names beforehand to the Secretary, so that as little time as possible may be wasted in the afternoon.

We are sorry to say that the dance which took place during Easter week was not a financial success, as it did not receive the support of Old Scholars that had been anticipated.

In the annual cricket match with the School XI., played at Ragley on Monday, July 2nd, the Old Scholars XI. won, scoring 92 for 5 wickets against 45. The Old Scholars' team consisted of F. Bunting (captain), S. Bailey, K. Bailey, D. Baylis, E. Bunting, J. Chambers, E. Chattaway, F. Harper, B. Hodgkinson, N. Staff and D. Summers.

The tennis match with the School took place on Tuesday, July 3rd, and resulted in a victory for the Old Scholars by 83 games to 71. The Old Scholars team was Mrs. Smart and B. Hodgkinson; E. Holder and C. Bunting; R. Bunting and P. Sherwood; M. Baylis and F. Rook.

Congratulations to N. Staff, who has passed the final examination of the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

Also to D. S. Bailey, who has passed the examination for the A.C.I.I. (Associateship examination of the Chartered Insurance Institute).

And to G. T. Colegate, who has been awarded the Ascough Scholarship. This is awarded for the best Chemistry paper in the Intermediate Science examination at Birmingham University, and is of the value of £36 per year.

R. Bunting has obtained her Warwickshire County Colours for hockey.

Old Scholars will be pleased to hear of the birth of a daughter to Mrs. J. Bunyan who, as Miss Baker, was a member of the Staff from 1926 to 1927.

Births.

On March 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Burden—a son.

On March 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Langston—a son.

On April 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Bowen—a son.

Marriages.

On April 2nd, at Wixford, George F. Clark (scholar 1914-17) to Dorothy G. L. Sisam (scholar 1915-24).

On May 4th, at Alcester, Frederick H. M. Daffern to Hilda Ankcorn (scholar 1921-25).

On May 19th, at Alcester, Leslie T. Anker (scholar 1920-25) to Kathleen Hunt.

On June 2nd, at Melton Mowbray, Ronald Robins (scholar 1912-19) to Doris Maisie Clark.

On June 5th, at Salford Priors, Joseph Shortall to Winifred Mason (scholar 1921-26).

On June 6th, at Harvington, D. Yates to Sheila Hodgkinson (scholar 1922-27).

On June 9th, at Alcester, Reginald E. H. Dorsett to Mary M. Sherwood (scholar 1927-29).

Reflections on Passing.

As here I sit,
The tears do drip,
I feel I want to 'oller,
For don't you see
Soon I shall be
An A.G.S. Old Scholar ?

How pleasant it is to sit down leisurely in an arm-chair—without the proverbial pipe—and ruminate on the days that have passed; good old days, many of them; days of anxiety some of them; busy days most of them. How many "old familiar faces" one calls to mind, how many stirring games one remembers, how many defeats and successes, what fun and what agonising moments. Can it be eight years since I ventured timidly across the playground on my first morning? —a peculiar little boy, if I remember rightly—peculiar still, no doubt, if not so little; what sensations one experienced—the awe with which we regarded those mighty prefects or

those giants of the School cricket team; that awe seems strangely lacking when one becomes one of the 'big-wigs.' These pleasant things must alas ! come to an end; from thinking of happy days at school, one is forced to recall that in a few weeks those days will be no more than a memory; one feels merely another who must pass on, to watch, to pray and to hope that the old school remembers—perhaps !

I had intended to entitle this last article of mine 'Credo,' and to try to write with my usual self-confidence, a sort of 'vade mecum' for all who are proud of the School and who wish to help it along the path of success, a path which lies open only to those schools whose members are loyal, enthusiastic and imbued with the desire for service. One always realises on occasions like this how far one's own accomplishments have fallen short of what they might have been; but there is an inestimable joy in knowing that one has tried to help in some way, has served perhaps as a prefect, or has led the 1st XI. to victory. The thanks of a member of the Staff, the notice in the football report of the 'Record' that the team sadly misses so-and-so—what greater recompense could one desire ?

One learns a lot from school life; without losing all the selfish love of pleasure which, after all, adds much to the zest and animation of living, it is so easy to realise that the satisfactory discharge of a duty is as pleasant as a goal scored at football. If only all boys and girls would realise and take their share of responsibility; would work hard, play hard, take thought for their own pleasure and at the same time not be so forgetful of other people. The School gives so much; it provides the opportunity of friendships that remain treasures all our lives, it gives us healthy competition and healthy interests, it sets us on the road to happiness and opens our eyes to the ideal of service. 'Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm'; keenness, the desire to help and an eager participation in all school activities—these are the things which have caused past scholars and will cause those of the present and future, the greatest pleasure and the most regret at the thought of losing them.

And thus having allowed my pen to record the thoughts as they have entered my mind, I say "ave atque vale" Alcester Grammar School !

C. H. B.

Unfinished Masterpieces.

My chief knowledge of unfinished masterpieces arises from the study of my own history exercises on the day that they should be given in—although they never quite fulfil my expectations when completed. William, however, has confessed to me that his home-work is never anything but an unfinished masterpiece. He finds it difficult to write a final paragraph for himself, although he is ready enough to complete someone else's essay, "I must close now, with love, J."

Sometimes an author undertakes a work which he either cannot or does not care to complete; sometimes he dies before it is finished. We are told that the reason why Coleridge left so many of his poems unfinished is that after once leaving a poem, he could never recapture his first inspirations. We remember a phrase like "caverns measureless to man," but would not really care to know any more about Kubla Khan or Christabel.

There is, however, almost always some dissatisfaction to be derived from incompleteness. But it is probable that only very few, who have read all Spenser's "Fairie Queen," would not have secret misgivings if the work had been completed, and they were confronted with almost as much again. Chaucer wrote enough "Canterbury Tales" to satisfy most. While I can vividly remember the feelings of Pip when he first met the convict and many of Martin Chuzzlewit's experiences in America, "Edwin Drood" has left me with only faded memories of dim cloisters and Helena. When I had read what was written of this book, I lay awake for many hours every night and puzzled over the mystery. After a week or so of this restlessness, I gave up the impossible task of completing the tale in a satisfactory manner, and I began to reflect upon more peaceful subjects.

On his death-bed, Virgil besought his friends to destroy the "Aeneid," the greatest of his works, because it was not finished. There are, perhaps, some among you who wish that those friends had had more respect for the last request of so eminent a poet. The "Aeneid" was not destroyed, but remains, complete except for a few final touches, a masterpiece throughout the ages. We can look on Virgil as a truly great man, a man who hated to let his work go out into the world incomplete to his master mind.

Why should an incomplete thing be so often more famous than a complete one? Perhaps some of those who delight in an unfinished book would prefer to read only half—the first half—of any book. However, no one ever does read part of a good book, if he has the opportunity of reading all. Nevertheless, the present age is, as, I suppose, every other age to a certain extent, an age of incompleteness. For there are always some great movements taking place. Everyone who is not reactionary tries to hurry them on, but before they are nearly completed, they fade, and melt into quite fresh movements. During the last century, Europe struggled for democratic government, for freedom from supreme control. But to-day, before the real triumph of democracy, very many of the countries are again entrusting their control to a single man who has a becoming shirt as his chief recommendation. But to-day, in this age of speed, in addition to our efforts to achieve our aims, which we are presently to discover that we do not even want to achieve, there is what may almost be called a time limit. No ordinary game of chess or, fortunately, all that political speaker would have liked to say can ever be completed. I have even heard it whispered that the makers never had time to finish Josephine's bicycle. It is certainly a masterpiece. We are always awakened just as our dream is becoming really thrilling, and always aroused from our day-dreams when inspiration was coming at last.

While anything remains unfinished there is a feeling of dissatisfaction. In striving to achieve we are usually pursuing an end, not in view but just out of sight. For my part, even though it be a masterpiece, I hate anything which is incomplete, just as Falstaff hated an unfilled can.

F. J. H. J.

Brotherly Love.

I am asked to write a sonnet,
One "In Praise of Mathematics,"
But I would not dare to do so,
Such a Shaugodaya! Faint-heart!
For I'm faced by all the Sixth Form,
I am faced by Mishe Iagoo,
Nepahwin and Minnehaha,
And by Kwasind and Wabasso.

Would you hear of Mishe Iagoo ?
Would you here of the Great Boaster ?
Of his feature, fine and handsome,
Of his bearing—noble, stately,
Of his eloquence exquisite,
Of his excellence at cricket.
But I will not linger longer,
Telling you of such a boaster.
But he would delight to tell you,
Himself of his many virtues.

" What's next lesson ? Where's my note-book ?
Will you please lend me a pencil.
Have you seen my Latin text-book ?
Now I cannot find my gym-shoes."
Did you know she was so careless,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water ?

Nepahwin is such a dreamer.
Is his dreaming full of mystery ?
Is he dreaming of that Latin,
Of which his translation's nonsense ?
Is he dreaming of his homework,
Which he has just not quite finished,
Of that " duck " he made on Wednesday,
Of himself or of—his dinner ?

And Wabasso a fair damsel,
Loves to hear a violin played,
Loves to read a piece of poetry
Loves the Cambridge Modern History,
Loves translating French Unseens too.

And last but not least is Kwasind,
Strong and silent, mighty Kwasind.
Do the Arts say " We're superior ? "
Mathematics far excel them.
And to say more would be trifling,
After this great characteristic.

Thus a few of our great virtues,
Thus the all of our few vices.

L. A. H.

Notes and News.

Ledbury has been appointed a Junior Prefect.

This year's cricket captain is Baylis i., and the tennis captain W. Wright.

Last term hockey colours were awarded to M. Tombs.

Football colours were awarded to Ledbury, Sherwood, and Hewlett i.

The football—the annual gift of the Bunting brothers—was this year awarded to Morton.

The hockey stick, presented by Mrs. Caton, was awarded to S. Harris.

Silver Barnado medals have been presented to Wyton and Walters.

On Thursday, March 22nd, an interesting lecture on "Plant Life" was given by V. Chapman.

On Wednesday, March 28th, Miss Deans gave a lecture on France.

Last term the School purchased an epidiascope, and this proved most useful in both the above lectures.

Congratulations to J. Lane, who has been awarded an exhibition at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, and also a School Leaving Scholarship.

And to Baylis i., who has been awarded a County Major Scholarship.

The speech Day gathering took place on Thursday, May 17th, in the Picture House. The certificates were presented and a most instructive address given by Prof. Sargeant Florence, of Birmingham University.

The Cross Country races were run on Wednesday, March 21st, the senior event providing a close finish, Ledbury coming in only a few yards ahead of Sherwood.

The annual outing of the Scouts took place on Friday, June 8th.

On the same day the girls played their tennis tournament at school.

Half term was Monday, June 11th.

On Wednesday, May 30th, members of Forms VI., Upper and Lower V., with Miss Deans and Mr. Druller visited the theatre at Stratford to see "King Henry the Fifth."

The Upper Fourth Form also on May 16th paid a visit with Miss Evans to Stratford, to the performance of "Julius Caesar."

Examinations of the Royal Drawing Society were held at School on July 3rd, 4th and 5th.

The Oxford Higher School Certificate and School Certificate examinations began on Monday, July 16th.

Lord Henry Seymour has resigned from the Governors, and has been succeeded by Dr. Hanson.

How often the evening chosen for the School v. Old Scholars' tennis match proves a wet or cold one! This term, right in the midst of a long dry spell rain fell on June 21st, and caused the match to be postponed.

The French Oral examination was held on Wednesday, June 27th.

Sports Day, 1934.

Sports Day was held on June 7th, and the boys at any rate were pleased with weather that was fine without being too hot. The visitors came along in as large numbers as usual, though the ladies were unable to provide us with quite as many cheerful and bright-looking summer frocks as on

previous occasions. The turf was rather bare in places, but this, owing to the endeavours of Mr. Hall and the senior boys, was hardly to be noticed on the actual day.

The races were again very evenly contested and reflected great credit on the handicappers, many races indeed causing the judges considerable trouble. The Tomtits won the Tug of War, Relay, and secured the majority of places in the senior events, but the Jackals were very strong in the 12-14 class. Warner secured the cup after a very close contest with Ledbury and Luker who tied as runners-up only two points behind. For the fourth time in succession the Tomtits won both the shields, which were presented by Mrs. D. Hanson, who expressed the wish that she might see the girls also running in the near future. The School song was sung, a vote of thanks to Mrs. Hanson was proposed by Dr. Spencer and seconded by Warner, and another very enjoyable afternoon, for the perfect organisation of which great credit is due to the Staff, closed with "The King."

RESULTS.

Over 14.

Cross country (5 miles)—1 Ledbury, 2 Sherwood, 3 Hill, 4 Goulbourne i. The mile—1 Ledbury, 2 Sherwood, 3 Goulbourne i, 4 Thomas. 100 yards—1 Warner, 2 Richards, 3 Perrott i, 4 Luker. Half-mile—1 Ledbury, 2 Sherwood, 3 Hill, 4 Thomas. Slow bicycle race—1 Kenniston, 2 Warner, 3 Byrne, 4 Goulbourne i. Obstacle race—1 Holman, 2 Goulbourne i, 3 Grubb, 4 Baylis i. 220 yards—1 Luker, 2 Richards, 3 Warner, 4 Grubb. Quarter-mile—1 Ledbury, 2 Bullock, 3 Hughes i, 4 Perrott i. Hurdles—1 Luker, 2 Warner, 3 Grubb, 4 Hill. Consolation race—1 Chatterley, 2 Hands, 3 Sherwood, 4 Goulbourne i. High jump—1 Warner (5ft. 2in.), 2 Luker, 3 Richards, 4 Sherwood. Throwing the cricket ball—1 Luker, 2 Warner, 3 Grubb, 4 Richards. Long jump—1 Richards, 2 Luker, 3 Warner, 4 Baylis i.

12-14.

Cross country (3 miles)—1 Thomas, 2 Grubb, 3 Smith ii, 4 Gray. 100 yards—1 Biddle, 2 Smith ii, 3 Blackmore, 4 Down. 220 yards—1 Biddle, 2 Down, 3 Taylor, 4 Gray. Half-mile—1 Gray, 2 Down, 3 Shrimpton, 4 Smith ii. Obstacle race—1 Smith ii, 2 Walters, 3 Rogers, 4 Smith i. High jump—1 Smith ii (4ft. 3in.), 2 Rogers 3 Smith i, 4 Baylis iii. Slow bicycle race—1 Huxley, 2 Gaydon, 3 Walters, 4 Bryan. Consolation race—1 Down, 2 Spencer ii, 3 Bryan, 4 Spencer i. Hurdles—1 Smith ii, 2 Gray, 3 Baylis iii, 4 Walters. Throwing the cricket ball—1 Biddle, 2 Gray, 3 Blackmore. Long jump—1 Biddle, 2 Blackmore, 3 Smith ii, 4 Gray.

Under 12.

Egg and spoon—1 Davis, 2 Rutter, 3 Walker. 100 yards—1 Collett ii, 2 Goode, 3 Hughes ii, 4 Sandilands. Obstacle race—1 Collins i, 2 Harrison, 3 Goulbourne ii, 4 Allen ii. Sack race—1 Midlane i, 2 Clemson, 3 Goulbourne ii, 4 Harrison. Three-legged race—1 Clemson and Goulbourne ii, 2 Sandilands and Guise, 3 Allen ii and Midlane i, 4 Hobson and Green ii.

Other Events.

75 yards (under 10) : 1st race—1 S. Careless, 2 G. Spencer, 3 M. Henman, 4 P. Midlane. 2nd race—1 Hughes ii, 2 Coleman, 3 B. Baylis, 4 N. Green. Three-legged race (Girls, Form I)—1 M. Jordan and N. Green, 2 S. Jenkins and B. Baylis; 3 P. Hanson and G. Spencer, 4 A. Butt and S. Careless. Relay race—1 Tomtits, 2 Jackals, 3 Brownies. Tug-of-war—1 Tomtits, 2 Jackals, 3 Brownies.

Totals—1 Tomtits 406, 2 Jackals 333, 3 Brownies 254.

The following awards were made :—

Bronze Medals—~~Goulburne i, Hill, Down, Bullock, Grubb.~~

Silver Medals—~~Sherwood, Ledbury, Richards, Warner, Luker,~~
Biddle, Gray, Thomas, Smith ii.

Gold Medal and Victor Ludorum Cup—Warner (56 points). The
runners-up were Ledbury and Luker, with 54 points.

Sports Shield—Tomtits.

Memories of Sports Day Indoors.

A day of perspiring agitation, of dripping ice-creams, of sanguine hopes and bitter disappointments, a day of incongruities, of clay models and scarcely less clay-like cakes, of sticky toffee and fine embroidery—such is Sports Day.

Like all enjoyments Sports Day requires all our efforts and enthusiastic patriots think nothing of leaping out of bed at 5 a.m. and trailing vast quantities of eatables to school on a cycle for miles. The morning is perhaps the most hectic prologue that ever preceded the drama of Sports afternoon. It consists of hurrying and scurrying backwards and forwards from dining room to hall depositing rare dainties on long, white trestle tables to delight or shall we say amaze, the eyes of the judges and subsequently our loving parents.

When all is ready, everyone apparently scrubbed and polished, and the visitors beginning to stream into the field, the feverish haste of the morning subsides and we retire in sober pairs into the dining hall, dangling little red bags heavy with pennies. We do not excel in salesmanship on Sports Day. Who can be expected to remember that twelve pennies make a shilling when one's head is whirling with rumours of victories and defeats on the field outside? Sports Day has its ignominies. A worthy customer points out that she has not received her right change. You cannot haggle; customers are usually too polite on such an occasion and so you feel squashed and incredibly small.

Then oh joy ! some kind friend comes to take your place. Another victim takes charge of your stall and is extremely successful in attracting customers—certain ones seem to have that happy knack of collecting people round them ! But duty calls after a hasty review of events outside. Cakes, sweets and tarts are rapidly disappearing and what remain are covered with odd names written on the edge of a small label—" Sold Mrs. So and So." But our excitement is not over. Events outside concluded, there is a general attack on the hall. Impatient customers come to collect their purchases. In the general scramble endless people seem to manage to get hold of cakes which other people have bought and paid for. We salesmen find ourselves in an alarming position of helplessness with irritated visitors, big cakes and small paper bags.

Finally, when all is over and the hall swept and garnished, five or six hungry beings rush into the dining room with a large juicy gooseberry tart, which they devour with teaspoons, quite apart from the recognised ceremonies of Sports Day. Still, it provided a most enjoyable ending to an enjoyable day.

RESULTS.

Silver Medals (Senior)—J. Jackson, E. Lewis, J. Lane, F. Sore, M. Bryan, R. Spencer, Baylis i. (Junior)—V. Goutbourne

Bronze Medals (Senior)—L. Harris, K. Collins, D. Hunt, M. Rowles, M. Sisam, B Clark, Warner (Junior)—A. Jenkins:

Trophy—J. Jackson (157 marks).

Arts and Crafts Shield—Tomtits, 840 marks. (Brownies scored 744 and Jackals 652).

J. L.

Shoe Cleaning.

THE EDITOR, THE A.G.S. RECORD.

DEAR SIR.—Knowing the intense scientific enthusiasm exhibited by many of your readers, I am venturing to put before them an exclusive description of an entirely new machine, the report of which, I hope, will be both progressive and edifying.

It has always appeared that the enthusiasm exhibited alike by readers of Virgil and Kemp has been sadly misplaced, *Why should they worry about the shape of the earth?* Or indeed about the fact that the same compound always consists of the same elements combined in the same proportion by weight? These matters are outside their control and are of very secondary importance compared with the subject I have in mind—namely the scientific method for cleaning boots, invented by a gentleman of my acquaintance!—He particularly wants his name kept secret, as he says that he does not think the education of the public is yet sufficient for them really to appreciate his invention properly. And he is getting past the age when a bombardment of missiles such as eggs or cabbages is considered a pleasant compliment—or even pleasant—and anyhow your readers should not be inquisitive!

Shoe cleaning has long been regarded as a necessary evil to be driven off till the last moment, but with the No-shine(sorry, the Shino) it becomes a pleasure, intoxicating in the extreme. The inventor told me that the machine prevents stagnation of the mind—for although it is easy to operate, the mental processes involved are rather involved!

The professor knowing the dire effects which the average human face has on the lens of a camera, has applied this fact to glass, and has invented a special glass which can be fractured by a grimace from the human face. Behind a screen of this glass he has placed a special lamp, which, when the glass is broken will shine upon a photo-cell, thus setting in motion the series of brushes and wind vents which actually clean the boots. The method of procedure is as follows:—The boots are placed in position amongst the brushes, and the owner sits on a chair facing the lens, a paper containing a particularly obnoxious form of quadratic equation, is then thrust in front of him, a mirror catches his look of pained surprise and nausea and throws it upon the glass, which, given a normal face, naturally breaks, letting the ray lamp shine on the cell which in turn starts the brushes working. When the boots are done the apparatus is stopped simply by pressing a button (why couldn't the old idiot start it this way?)

This my friends is the most simple boot cleaning machine which I have ever heard of, and when it comes on the market shortly (under the sponsorship of Messrs. Notworth-Cotton, Limited (6d. stores) your days of drudgery will be over

(perhaps). But I suggest that you should apply yourselves carefully to your text books, so that you can re-design the apparatus before use—to make it work properly—because the only real disadvantage of the machine is that the inventor never has actually made it work!

Before finishing this exclusive report I feel that I must make several points more clear. Firstly let me say that this article is strictly copyright and must not be infringed or conveyed to the public by means of loud-speakers, gramophone records or any other means (quite B.B.C.-ish). And secondly I must tell you that the inventor's name is—not Heath Robinson!

If my treatise has been of too scientific a nature let me once again apologise.

Your humble servant, sir,

THE SPECTATOR.

Down the Green Glades.

Down the green glades
The fairies dwell
The pixie pedlars
And gnomes as well.

Down the green glades
They dance at night
In frocks like the rainbow
A lovely sight.

Down the green glades
You'll hear the bees sing,
And when there's a wedding
The bluebells ring.

Down the green glades
The fairies dwell;
And the pixie pedlars
With dewdrops to sell.

J. MACHIN.

Washing Day.

I wish I were a washerwoman on a Monday. If I were, I should probably enjoy a washing day; but as it is I loathe all Mondays in the year. This day, dedicated to the cause of cleanliness, is the most uncomfortable in the week. From early morning to late afternoon, everything is in such a muddle that one doubts at the time if the house will ever be tidy again. While everyone else is experiencing this discomfort, the washerwoman appears too absorbed in washing one particular garment even to notice that the copper fire has gone out, or that her tub is leaking. This is how I should like to spend a washing day, oblivious of everything else except one's work. Unfortunately, I am always the one who has to keep house on this day, hence the usual Monday muddle.

It is a privilege, I know, to be mistress of a house, but not of a house such as this one of which I am given charge every Monday. Excepting the few rooms which are not in general use, there is not a really tidy one in the house. As I have no liking for bed making, the bedrooms are not put straight until the latest possible moment. The ground floor is my sphere of work. The dining room is swept, but not thoroughly tidied, because that involves dusting, and I do not like dusting. As usual I meet with some catastrophe while cleaning the drawing room. This time the bottom of the bucket, which is filled with ashes, parts company with the rest of the vessel. Ashes and dust are distributed throughout the room in a glorious profusion, and despite my efforts to clear away the traces of the accident, cinders and fragments of coal scrunch under one's feet when passing through the hall. Apart from the hasty words and ruffled tempers, resulting from the lateness of the dinner, the morning passes away without other hitches. Of course, I know it is annoying to the proper mistress to find that all the dirty crockery is concealed in the dairy, and that a kettle has boiled dry. Every week I find the domestic duties very tiresome, and one Monday I shall flatly refuse to take the task of keeping house.

The only pleasant work on a Monday is executed in the wash house. Totally enveloped in the steam, the washerwoman, dabbling in her tubs of fluffy white soapsuds, seems to live in a world different from my chaotic one. Periodically she stretches up her ample figure and sighs while scrutinising the multi-coloured heaps strewn around her.

As soon as her basket is filled, she goes into the garden to hang out her clean linen. When the wind blows, the washing looks like a collection of differently shaped balloons, which become deflated as soon as the wind drops. With her empty basket under her arm she returns again to the washhouse. From garden to house she passes, until her supply is exhausted and her work is finished. I am always glad to hear the sound of scrubbing coming from the back kitchen, for then I know that the abominable day is drawing to a close, and that washing day is over for a week.

I wonder if every young member of a family hates washing days as much as myself. There is no peace or order in any part of the house; even the cats and the dog cannot sleep without being disturbed. Perhaps it is a fine thing that on one day in seven we are made to realise what a quiet and well ordered home is ours. It was not until I began to take over the reins of government that I realised what a huge task was the organisation of domestic life. Each Monday evening I am thankful to place in more capable hands the responsible position which is given to me each Monday morning. I shall always loathe Mondays and washing days.

M. T.

Olla Podrida.

Nowadays E. B. enlivens the geometry lessons with cyclonic circles.

The Sixth Form science lessons have at any rate produced some revolting wheels.

"I am arranging everything that I shall need for the journey on the lid of the wireless set," remarks R. E. W. S. Hurrah for the Liliputians!

Aper violentus, says F. J. H. J., means "a raging bee." She was bitten that time!

"Who was this Victor Ludorum anyway?" asks this year's winner of the cup.

Have a care as you walk through the country : wild flowers are said now to have pistols.

Mihi pecunia opus est—"I worked for my money," says D. O. H. We are glad that his need is so soon satisfied.

"He allowed his yellow hare to hang over his shoulders, writes R. E. W. S. The gamekeeper? or the poacher?

"Where is my unseen book?" asks F. J. H. J. Perhaps we had better ask the Invisible Man.

New standards of measurement. "The Prioress," relates W. W. "had a forehead a spanner broad."

The First Sides-match this Season.

The King of Sports has returned in all his glory. Returned have the days of sunshine and merriment. Come once again has the reign of the willow. Now the cricketer retrieves his bat with a joyous heart from an old gloomy attic hidden under the rafters. The bat found, the cobwebs duly removed, the ravages of the long winter are quickly overcome. With tender strokes and loving care linseed oil is spread over the thirsty blade.

The day of the first match is now eagerly awaited. As the sides competing are the Eagles and the Elves much interest is aroused, and round the school run foreboding rumours. One Eagle, being a member of the stronger side is vowing that he will leave the "sticks" at fifty-four, while another of his colleagues declares he will cause six wickets to fall to his arm for as many runs. Things are looking bad for the Elves.

The day has come and the final preparations are being made. The weather is perfect as the sun is shining brightly and a slight breeze is blowing. The pitch looks fine and the rest of the field is a velvety-green, despite the attacks of superphosphate of potash so lavishly spread over its weak spots.

Round History-room Corner are some stalwart spectators, who are there to show their pleasure and disgust to all and sundry. The Fielders have gone out rolling up their sleeves and rubbing their hands. The opening batsmen follow them amidst an attempt at applause. The scorers, complete with

blackboard and coloured chalks are now showing signs of moving. The game begins with the School's demon bowler endeavouring to rid an Elfin of his wicket.

The game is almost over. The poor scorers are nearly all in. All their knowledge of art so ardently learnt has been needed this glorious match for drawing ducks and eggs, and some of their masterpieces were really creditable. We have been subjected to a display of how not to play cricket, and the game has been lightened with many graceful "mows" and "services." The Elves were out for 55 and the Eagles have scored 50 for the loss of 9 wickets. Here is the bowler. He sends the ball and an anxious "Howzat?" rends the air. Yes! the man is out; the team is out; the Eagles have lost; the Elves have won; how are the mighty fallen!

L. P.

Only an Iron Bolt.

"Barton's World Famous Circus," as it was billed, was touring America. The employees were taking down the "Big Top" after a week's stay at a big town in the United States, and were preparing for a long train journey to a small, but prosperous mining town in Texas, Willett "City." All at once one of the hands cried, "Look out, lads. Here comes the gaffer!" Instantly all the men started to put a bit more effort into their work.

"That's right, lads! I'm glad to see you working so hard; keep it up because our American rivals are also going to Willett City. If we reach there first we shall get a good crowd, so hurry up!"

The 'boys' understood, and soon had the "Big Top" and side-shows down and packed into the special train. In about an hour the whole circus was moving swiftly towards its destination.

After about three hours' travelling there was a sudden squealing of brakes. Instantly a row of inquisitive heads were stuck out of windows all along the train. They saw a man waving his arms frantically, just in front of the engine. The big train pulled up with only inches to spare. The man said he was a miner and was working on his claim, when he

saw a man remove one of the rivets from a bridge, a bit farther on. If the train had tried to cross, the bridge would have collapsed.

The circus engineers held a conference and decided that nothing could be done, except to go to Willett City by a round-about route. Then one of the hands had an idea. He would see if they had got an iron bolt to fit in the hole where the rivet had been. This was duly tried and they found one to fit. The trucks went over one by one so as not to have too much weight on the bridge at one time. At last they were all over, and set out full speed for Willett "City."

When they arrived there they found that Bengers had already got their tent up. Barton engaged a detective to see who it was who had removed the rivet from the bridge, and he found a programme of Benger's circus on one of the girders. The detective went and questioned Benger, who broke down and confessed that one of his 'hands' had removed the rivet to hold up Barton, and get the good gate. Benger was imprisoned, leaving Barton with no rival.

BULLOCK.

The Scouts' Outing.

The Scouts' Outing took place on June 8th, the day being spent in London, under the direction of the Wayfarers' Travel Association. The party, comprised of forty-three boys and Mr. Walker, Mr. Druller and Mr. Cook, left Alcester station at 7.10. Birmingham was reached in, so it seemed, record time, and we were soon in a special coach on the London express, though the word "special," we regret to inform the L.M.S., applied more to the reserved notices on the windows than the quality of the carriage. Minor details such as that, however, did not damp that "Scouts' Outing" feeling.

The journey to London is so interesting to those who have never experienced it before, that even packs of cards remained in the pockets of their owners. The great factories on the way were perhaps more carefully studied than the geographical features of the land, the most interesting among them being the works of Ovaltine, Osram electric light bulbs, Humber and Hillman cars, while the wireless

station at Rugby was eagerly scrutinised. The journeys both ways were, however, chiefly noteworthy for the results obtained by different, and sometimes distinguished, mathematicians in estimating our speed.

We were met at Euston by two comfortable coaches and toured London until mid-day, under the direction of a guide, who, unfortunately, could not ride in both coaches and who, perhaps more unfortunately, had a moustache that, coupled with the noise of the motor, prevented his voice from carrying more than a few yards. We passed through the City of London, seeing all the principal buildings, and then passed over London Bridge, along the Embankment and stopped to explore the mysteries of the Underground Railway station at Charing Cross. The escalators were a source of much pleasure to all except the individual who experienced the feeling of "mal de mer" whenever he saw them. The inspector was very helpful in showing us round and explaining the system; it was, indeed, one of the most interesting parts of the day.

At twelve o'clock we partook of a very satisfactory luncheon, and at 1.15 we climbed aboard our coaches for the West End of London. We gazed wonderingly at the scaffolding round "Big Ben," felt awed by the grandeur of the Abbey, and were duly impressed by a splendid view of the Houses of Parliament across the Thames. We settled down to view any riders in Rotten Row, and traversing the whole length of Hyde Park we eventually reached Regents Park and the Zoo. Monkey nuts were immediately purchased, but there is no need to mention their actual destination. We did not, unfortunately, see any of the animals fed, largely due to the desire of the majority to feed themselves at every buffet we saw. The day was, however, warm, and we envied the penguins in their beautiful new pool, the mountain deer which could be fed by inserting a coin in a machine several hundred feet below them, and the ever hungry seals. At 4.30 we left the Zoo and proceeded to Goodie's Restaurant, where an excellent ham tea awaited us. After discussing the latest news of the Test match, we returned to Euston, only to find the reserved coach was 'conspicuous by its absence'. Seats were soon found, however, and we were speeding homewards, tired, happy, wiser and, to judge from the amount of "pop" consumed, fuller.

As the coach rattled and swayed along, nearer and nearer to Alcester, some of us were regretfully thinking that our last glorious Scouts' Outing had passed. Scouts come and

go, but the Outing is a permanent fixture, a memory that never dies and a pleasure that will always be looked back upon by the old Scouts as an essential and delightful feature of school life. The three cheers which were given on Alcester platform at 9.15 were the expression of the tired contentment of every member of the party ; the end of yet another outing had come all too soon.

C. H. B.

Cricket.

CAPTAIN—Baylis i.

SECRETARY—Perrott i.

The cricket eleven commenced this season well, gaining decisive victories over Stratford N.F.U. Second XI. and Redditch C.H.S. Subsequently, however, weaknesses have shown up, chief among them being the lack of alertness in fielding. This fault was revealed in the two matches with Stratford K.E.S., who were able to attain a large score each time. Warner, to whom a certain amount of success has fallen, and Keniston have been the chief bowlers; while among the batsmen Baylis i., Warner and Richards have contributed useful scores.

Results to date :—

- A.G.S. v. Stratford N.F.U. 2nd XI. (away) won; A.G.S. 43,
Stratford 33.
Redditch C.H.S. (away) won; A.G.S. 92, Redditch
31.
v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (away) lost; A.G.S. 66, Strat-
ford 267 for 1 dec.
v. King's Norton S.S. (away) lost; A.G.S. 47, King's
Norton 50 for 7.
v. Stratford K.E.G.S. (home) lost; A.G.S. 39, Strat-
ford 157 for 6 decl.
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away) drawn; A.G.S. 107 for 5
dec., Evesham 68 for 9.
v. Old Scholars (home) lost; A.G.S. 45, Old Scholars
92 for 7.
v. Redditch C.H.S. (home) drawn; A.G.S. 62, Red-
ditch 48 for 8.
v. Warwick School 2nd XI. (home) lost; A.G.S. 105,
Warwick 114.

Sides Matches :—

Brownies defeated Tomtits, 33 to 24.
 Tomtits defeated Jackals, 156 for 8 to 63.
 Brownies defeated Jackals, 120 to 49.

Football Season, 1933-34.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
14	4	7	3	21	47

The following boys represented the School :—Baylis i. (captain), Bailey (captain until December, 1933), Styler, Baylis ii., Warner, Richards, Ledbury, Sherwood, Luker, Morton, Grubb, Hill, Hewlett i., Goulbourne i., Goulbourne ii.

Tennis.

CAPTAIN : W. Wright. SECRETARY : J. Jackson.

COMMITTEE : B. Clark, L. Lane, M. Bryan.

So far this season four matches have been played of which one has been won and one lost. Unfortunately neither of the matches against Evesham P.H.G.S. could be finished, but, in both cases, a win to Evesham was inevitable. A match against the Old Girls has been fixed for July 11th. The School were unlucky in the inability of their captain to play in the first two matches.

The sides-matches, which were contested with even more than usual keenness, ended in a win for the Jackals who beat the Tomtits 3—6, 6—3, 7—5, and the Brownies 6—4, 8—10, 7—5. The Tomtits defeated the Brownies 2—6, 9—7, 6—3.

There were fourteen entries for the Gold Medal Tournament.

The Gold Medal was won by W. Wright who beat M. Sisam in the final, 3—6, 7—5, 6—2.

This term the School has been represented by :—W. Wright, F. Sore, M. Rowles, M. Sisam, K. Collins, J. Lane and as reserve, J. Jackson.

Results :—

A.G.S. v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home) won; 8 matches to 1
(87 games to 48).

A.G.S. v. Old Scholars (home) lost; 8 matches to 5 (3 matches
drawn) (83 games to 71).

F. J. H. J.

Hockey Season 1953-54.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against.
I4	6	8	0	50	54

Additional Sides Match Results :—Brownies 9, Tomtits 0;
Jackals 2, Tomtits 1.

For the Juniors.

How the Borage got its Name.

Once upon a time, in some craggy-shaggy pieces of rock,
there grew a medium sized royal blue flower without a name.

At this time a little fairy lived and she wanted food very
badly. When she saw the blue flower, she cried, "Here's a
find," for she thought that she would find honey. She picked
a flower head and began sucking at the end, but there was no
honey. Still she thought that if she ate the flower head she
would be sure to get something. She ate it and it tasted like
porridge. "How lovely," she said, "this flower must be
given a name; it can't be called porridge or humans would
eat it. Ah! it shall be called Borrige or Borage, a 'B' instead
of a 'P.'

P. HANSON (Form I.)

How the Newt got his Fringe.

Once upon a time in Spring-time there lived a very unhappy
newt. Not a single lady would marry him. At last he became
so sad that he could not stand it any longer. Off he went to
the Great Magician Newt.

Rat-a-tat-tat! Mr. Newt was knocking at the Great Man's door.

"Come in," said he, and in went Mr. Newt. "Good day," said the Great Newt.

"Good day," said Mr. Newt. "I want something to make the ladies marry me."

"Most certainly, Sir," said the Magician. "If Sir will sit down I will think about it."

He then mixed some powders in a pot, which he put on the fire and stirred. Soon there was a horrid smell and smoke began to rise.

"Now then it is ready sir, al-nal-pal-fal," said the Magician.

"Ow," said Mr. Newt, feeling a pain right down his back.

Lo and behold, Mr. Newt had got a frill.

And just before the hot part of Summer Mr. Newt lost his frill. And now all male newts lose their frills about this time.

COLLIER (Form I.)

ALCESTER:
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,
HIGH STREET.
